

Mom

12:37 – hey when are you getting home?

Dave

You set the disappearing message time to 3 hours

12:48 – hey you doing better

12:48 – lol yea i really didn't sleep much

12:49 – what's up u didn't set timeout for that

12:49 – yea is what Brian said true

12:49 – what did he say

12:49 – about how Tom worked at operant?

12:50 – yea why?

12:50 – you know that's where my dad worked

12:50 – and he kind of went crazy too

12:50 – do you know what he did there?

12:54 – not rly

12:54 – my mom gets real upset when i bring it up

12:54 – it was some math shit with magnets

12:54 – wanna come over and ask her

12:54 – lol

I did not want to have a conversation with Dave's mother.

12:55 – haha im good

12:55 – but im just chilling at home if you want to come by here

The doorbell rang again. Resolving to be less of a pussy, I answered it. I was prepared to talk to the cops. Polite, short answers, step outside and lock the door, find out what they want. Not a pussy. Not a pussy. Not a pussy.

It wasn't the cops. It was my Mom's friend Anne, and I told her she wasn't here. It was always strange to me that that generation would just drop by.

Like she didn't text her first? She said she was in the neighborhood and had extra bagels she wanted to drop off.

I thought about telling her that I hadn't heard from my Mom since yesterday and that she didn't reply to my text, but decided against it. I didn't know the dynamic of my Mom's friend group. Maybe she is out sleeping with Anne's husband or something. I didn't want to be a link in the chain of Anne finding out.

I was vague but very polite. Anne left the bagels. I didn't touch the bag.

I went up the stairs to my Mom's room. Did I mention how much I like true crime? It's probably done bad things for me personality wise. I know that the people on there are out of the normal distribution of people, but those podcasts are one of my only exposures to the outside world. The world beyond this little slice of Brooklyn. So you kind of start thinking everyone is like that.

I'd always just assumed my Dad was like, a Wall Street guy. Boring. Get money, fuck bitches. When I was little we had tons of money. We lived in a huge house in Cobble Hill. I flew first class to Europe when I was 7. We spent a week on a yacht in Monaco. My mom loved the luxury lifestyle, and would put up with a lot of my Dad's eccentricities to keep it.

When he left she didn't seem that upset though. I think the money was still coming in from him, which was the main thing she cared about. It clearly wasn't as much, we moved out to Sheepshead Bay and never went back to Europe. But she didn't work and I always got good birthday presents, and she never said anything bad about my Dad, so I assume that's where the money was coming from.

The first drawer I opened had sex toys in it. I saw a vibrator and a butt plug before I quickly closed the drawer. The second drawer had socks.

The third drawer had tons of scattered papers. My college rejections. Some essays from high school. A note written in crayon about how I wanted a Nintendo Switch for Christmas. I guess this was the "me" drawer.

The fourth drawer was papers, but more organized. My parents marriage certificate. My mom's birth certificate. My old passport. As far as I knew, they